thrust upon him. And when hy some mistake or official stupidity, chains were, for a very short time, put upon his limbs, he appeared in the aureole of a hero suffering for his people unheard-of torments and indignities at the hands of a ruthlessly vindictive foe. This prestige of martyrdom gave him still a certain measure of influence upon the opinion, or the irnagination, of the Southern people. He subsequently used this influence, not as General Lee did in his frank and generous way, to encourage among his friends a loyal acceptance of the new order of things and a patriotic devotion to the restored republic, but rather to foment in a more or less veiled way, a sullen animosity against the Union. He stimulated the brooding over past disappointments rather than a cheerful contemplation of new opportunities. He presented the sorry spectacle of a soured man who wished everyone else to be soured too. Thus he forced unprejudiced observers to conclude that, measured by the true standards of human greatness, he, with all his showy and by no means valueless qualities, wound up his career as a small man.

The evidence of Jefferson Davis* complicity with the assassination of Lincoln, which President Johnson had in his possession when he issued his proclamation offering a reward for Davis' capture, subsequently turned out to be absolutely worthless. It is possible that at the time when the Confederacy

tottered toward its downfall and its leaders desperately grasped at straws, Jefferson Davis knew of, and to some extent countenanced, a plot to kidnap and abduct Mr. Lincoln and to hold him as a hostage. But there was nothing to show, and no shadow of probability, that he had any sympathy with Booth's murderous design. After he had been for two years a prisoner in Fortress Monroe, he was indicted and arraigned for treason before the United States Circuit Court at Rich-